

# QUEEN,

On her *BIRTH-DAY*.

**F**arewel the Year that threatned so  
 The fairest Light the World can shew;  
 Welcome the New, who's every day,  
 Restoring what was snatch'd away  
 By pining sickness from the Fair,  
 That matchless Beauty doth repair  
 So fast as the approaching Spring,  
 Which does to flow'ry Meadows bring  
 What the rude Winter from them tore,  
 Shall give her all she had before:  
 But we recover not so fast  
 The sense of such a danger past.  
 We that esteem'd you sent from Heav'n  
 A Patern to this Island giv'n,  
 To shew us what the Blest doe there,  
 And what Alive they practis'd here.  
 When that which we Immortal thought  
 We saw so near destruction brought,  
 Felt all which you did there endure,  
 And trembled yet as not secure.  
 So though the Sun Victorious be,  
 And from a dark Eclipse set free,  
 Th'Influence which we fondly fear  
 Afflicts our thoughts the following year.  
 But that which may relieve our care  
 Is, that you have a Help so near  
 For all the Evils, you can prove  
 The kindness of your Royal Love.  
 He that was never known to mourn  
 So many Kingdoms from him torn,  
 His tears reserv'd for you more dear,  
 More priz'd then all those Kingdoms were.  
 For when no Healing Art prevail'd,  
 When Cordials and Elixars fail'd,  
 On your pale Cheeks he drop'd the shower,  
 Reviv'd you like a dying Flower.

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*I M P R I M A T U R,*

ROGER L'ESTRANGE.

Dec. 5. 1663.